

New Plays "The Taiker" Grows Interesting forward the End.

THE TALKER," a play by Marion Fairfax, that was well acted at the Harris Theatre last night, certainly lives up to its name. But the author, while emulating the bad example of the parrot that had reason to regret its conversational powers, has done an original thing by putting on the stage the type of woman who delights in airing accond-hand views solely for the sake of being able to talk about herself.

Miss Fairfax, like most of us, has evidently met the shallow creature of halfbaked ideas and seen through her with an intelligent eye. This sort of woman is so self-conscious that the moment she absorbs a theory it goes to her

head and causes a pronounced swelling. Then she begins to talk and perhaps, as in this case, to write a paper on "Woman, the Individual," in order that the club to which she belongs may sit in awe of her mighty intellect. The really intelligent members of that

club may not, of course, be overwhelmed by the results, but the self-

satisfied performer is sure to be greatly

impressed, for she knows how to appre-

clate herself. Now, if all this had

been brought out by a man it might not be accepted without more or less heated argument. But the noteworthy fact remains that the author of "The Talker" is a woman, so we may assume she knows what she is talking about. For nearly two acts the play seemed in danger of being talked to death. In the first act Kate Lenox held the floor without fear of contradiction until her husband stepped in and roared

accepted truisms about men and women. Meanwhile all the horrors of Sub-

urbla were revealed. To give Kate her

due it must be admitted there was a



Tully Marshall as Harry Lenox.

in the suburb of a suburb. She went a bit further than the programme, which placed the scene of action in a saburb of Brooklyn. The joy of living in an installment plan house without a servant didn't appeal to Kate. She was quite right on that point. But when she advanced the French notion that a weman's life should really begin after marriage she became both silly and tiresome. It was impossible to take her seriously when her longing to have her fling was modestly satisfied by a motor ride with a man whose popularity was confined entirely to feminine circles.

So much was said about this man Hollister, who had not condemned his wife to the monotony of life in a suburb, that the author should have produced him if only to satisfy the curiosity of the audience. A row between him and Harry Lenox would have been more interesting than the vague, endless talk. Instead of being allowed to see what was going on we were told about it-and mere report isn't drama. But, as good luck would have it, the play grew really interest-

ing toward the end. When Kate learned that her young sister-in-law Ruth had practiced what she had been preaching by running off with Hollister, she stopped talking about the freedom of women and was horrified to find that her protty the --had changed to a very ugly real Miss Lillian Albertson, as Kale, changed for the better here, but it was

Tully Marshall as the husband, heartbroken at the fate of his sister and bitterly aware of the part his wife had played in the tragedy, who lifted the play and gave the audience its first theill. He played this scene with poignant feeling. His grief seemed so genuine that it was truly moving. When Ruth returned, broken in

health and spirit, after baying been deserted in Chleago, there was another affecting scene finely noted by Miss Albertson and Miss Pauline Lord, who played the unhappy girl so simply that she never forfelted the respectand sympathy of the audience. But it was a mistake to make her return the excuse for extended remarks on the part of a

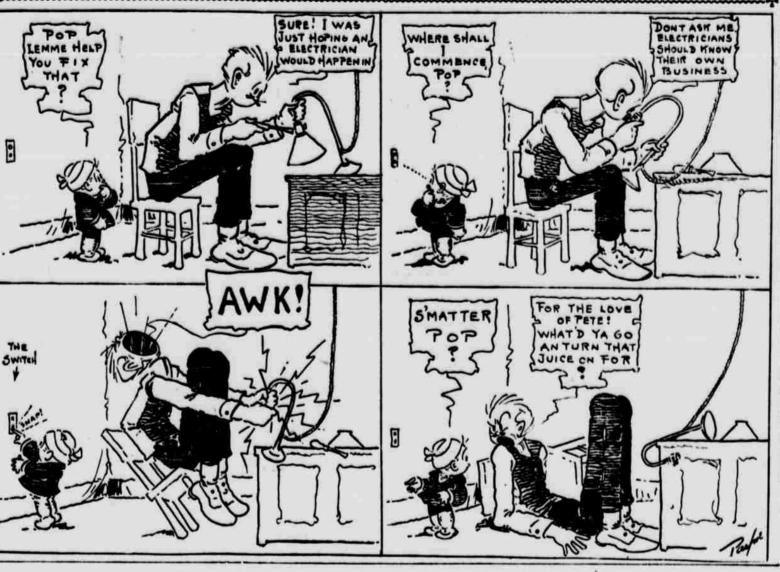
talkative servant who should be out short before another night passes. Wilson Day was pathetically amusing as a long-suffering suburbanite, and Miss Isabelle Fenton was another good neighbor who always had plenty to say Little Berta Donn took imposh delight in the part of the most disagreeable little brat that was ever sent on errands. Malcolm Duncan, as the struggling young

to the suburbs. Kate suggested a suburban Hedda Gabler without Hedda's sting. There was too much moralizing and an overdose of philistine sentiment. But there

for a scene here or there

## S'Matter, Pop?

By C. M. Payne



Mrs. Economy 💥 By Hutch

DYE THIS LIGHT



## clerk who was thrown over by Ruth, had a strange way of whistling for his All the characters were of that comfortably material sort to be found only

### was also a very sincere human quality that counted in the end. "The Talker" is a play in which women are likely to be interested-and men

# Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

### Write to Other Men.

young lady and I think she cares for by sending back the present. What I am sure he cannot regard her seriously, and that he never will so writes: me, but she persists in corresponding shall I dor" with other men. What shall I do?" Tell the young lady frankly that she of the gift. If it was jewelry return doing. cannot continue such conduct if she wishes that her engagement with you should remain unbroken

"E. W." writes: "I am in love with young man who works in the same office. Would it be proper to ask him to call, though he has never invited me

The young man should always be first to ask permission to call on you, and in this case your volunteering the invitation would be specifully out of place; as he has shown you no attentions.

takes two young indies to the theatre where should be sit . He should allow them to precede him into the rew of soits, and take the our-ties one nearest the mine for himself.

#### For to Be Forbular.

"A. W." writes: Which ought to speak first in a quarred between a young man and a girl about another girl?" a quarrel yet in There never was which one person blame. Therefore both the man and the girl should applied to each other without waiting for the initiative.

MY S" writes: "Is it proper for a young man to h her in church or in any other public

Yes, wherever there is no maid or other servant to nelp her. "W. K." wri'es : "My fiance objects o my having received a Christmas gift

to my having rec

Write her a note wishing her happiness and then try not to think any A Brithday G ft.

"Y. A." writes: "I know a young man Write, to Other Men. this man, but I think he cares for me. her when she has so little respect for propriate.

"O. S." writes: "I am engaged to a and I don't want to hurt his feelings herself that she can run after him?"

> it. If some simple thing like a book your flance is unreasonable to object. "A. C." writes: "I am very much in live with a girl, but my parents object other men I think you ought not to ob-"G. S." writes: "I have just had a to her. What shall I do?"

announcing her coming marriage. What one, and then decide for yourselves writes: shall I do?" Whether or not you wish to marry. "Is it

AS GOOD AS

ECONOMIZE

"W. R." writes: "What would be a suitable birthday gift for a young man who is being pursued by a widow. She is continually calling at the place where tentions for six months?"

A gir who is being pursued by a widow. She is continually calling at the place where If you wish to give him anything,

shall I do?"

It depends altogether on the nature long as she acts as you say she is flances is devoted to it. Should she not think you're running after him.

give it up, as I wish?"

A girl who signs herself " If she doesn't go to dances with ject just to her dancing.

HOW IT HAS

SHRUNK !

rom another man. I care nothing for her. But do you think he can respect make it simple. A book is always ap- haven't heard from him for five weeks. mission?"

etter from an old sweetheart in Ireland. Walt until you are both over twenty- A man who signs himself "M. F." though I am engaged. Naturally my

# The Two-Gun Man

The Best Couboy Story in Ten Years By Charles Alden Seltzer

(Copyright, 1911, by the Cotton Positions off about it, unless I've been dreamin',

Organical 1911, by the Guting Postesing Company. It is considered to the process of the Company. It is a construction of the c

Meaningless words, as they appear here; meaningless to the group of men and to the Two Diamond manager; yet to Leviatt they were burdened with a dire significance. They told him that the stray-man was aware of his duplicity; they meant perhaps that the stray-man knew of his dealings with the cattle thieves whom he had visited yesterday in the hills near the river. Whatever Leviatt thought, there was significance enough in the words to bring a sneering smile to his face.

"Meanin'?" be questioned, his eyes gittering evilly.

Fergusin smiled, his eyes unwavering and narrowing a very little as they met those of his questioner. Deliberately, as though the occasion were one of unquestioned peace, he drew out some to-bacco and several strips of rice paper. Selecting one of the strips of paper, he

as though the occasion were one of unquestioned peace, he drew out some to-bacco and several strips of paper. Selecting one of the strips of paper, he returned the others to a pocket and proceeded to roll a cigarette.

His movements were very deliberate. Stafford watched him, fascinated by his coolness. In the tense silence no sound was heard except a subdued rattle of pans in the bunkhouse—telling that the cook and his assistant were at work.

The cigarette was made finally, and looking up he could see the men down at the bunkhouse congregated again at Leviatt, ignoring his question, asking another himself.

"You workin' down the creek yesterday?" he said.

Ferguson took a long puil at his cigarette.

"Well, now," he returned, "that's mighty peculiar. I'd nave sworn that I seen you an' Tueson ridin' down the river yesterday. Thought I saw you in a basin in the hills, talkin' to some men that I'd never seen before. I recken I was mistaken, but I'd have swore that I'd seen you."

Leviatt's face was colorless. Standing with his profile to Tueson, he closed the men of the outfit to apply to him

ing with his profile to Tucson, he closed one eye furtively. This had been a signal that had previously been agreed upon. Tucson caught it and turned slightly, letting one hand fall to his right hip, immediately above the butt of his pistol.

YOU'D BETTER)

Accordin to that it must have been Leviatt who told Mary Radford that Pd

question, asking another himself.

"You workin' down the creek yester-day?" he said.

"I'p" snapped Leviatt.

The question had caught him off his guard or he would have evaded it. He had told the lie out of pure perversences.

Ferguson took a long puil at his cignarette.

Tueson.

The end that he had been expecting for the past two days had come—had come as he knew it must come. He had not been trapped as they had stood before Leviatt in front of the bunkhouse, he had noted the positions of the two men; had seen that they had expected him to walk squarely into the net that they

However, Leviatt had spoiled all that "So!" sneered Leviatt, "you're seein" when he had attempted to draw his a heap of things since you've been runhip" with Mary Radford" given Ferguson no alternative. He had given Ferguson is a supplied to given Ferguson is a supplied to given forced to kill the only man who. Ferguson taughed mackingly. "Mah-be I have," he returned. "Ridin" with her sure makes a man open his eyes her sure makes a man open his eyes of Radford, and now, in spite of any

\*\*A man who signs himself "M. F." though I am enkaged. Naturally my flance objects. What shall I do?"

"Is it proper for me to lend my diamond ring to agrir?"

No, for it would immediately start gossalp.

A girl who signs herself "I, I," writes:

"In et a young man who was quite attentions, writes:

"In the went away and I have not a young man who was quite attention, but he went away and I haven't heard from him for five weeks. Would it be all right to call him up on the leephone?"

No furness you know he is ill or important to start the went away and the privilege of taking a girl home for a position of the leephone?"

No furness you know he is ill or important to start the went away and the privilege of taking a girl home for a position of the leephone?"

No furness you know he is ill or important to start the went away and in the privilege of taking a girl home for a position of the leephone?"

No furness you know he is ill or important to start the went away and in the privilege of taking a girl home for a position of the leephone?"

No furness you know he is ill or important to start the sum and the leephone?"

No furness you know he is ill or important to start the sum and the leephone?"

No furness you know he is ill or important to start the proviled may be a summer the privilege of taking a girl home for a young man who was quite. The privilege of taking a girl home for a young man who was quite. The privilege of taking a girl home for the weeks. Would it be all right to call him up on the leephone?"

No furness you know he is ill or importantion about the shooting of thing the signs hereof "I, I, "I are kind further. I recken you to the country both the words.

It is not. No girl should ever allow the signs hereof "I. I are the privilege of taking a girl home for a young man who was quite. The allowed apparent here words.

It is not. No girl should the allowed the privilege of taking a girl home for writing. The allowed here allow the privilege of taking the privilege of taking the words.

A girl who

Fifteen minutes later Stafford entered

him.

Fifteen minutes later Stafford entered the office to find hig stray-man still seated in the chair, he head bowed in his hands. He did not look up as the manager entered, and the latter stepped over to him and laid a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"I'm thankin' you for what you've done for me," he said.

Ferguson rose, leaning one hand on the back of the chair upon which he had hen sitting. The manager saw that deep lines had come into his tace; that his eyes—always steady tefore—were restless and gleaning with an expression which seemed unfar-somable. But he said nothing until the manager had seated himself beside the deak. Then he took a step and stood looking into Stafford's queuried face.

"I reckion I've done what I came here to do," he said, grimly. "I'm takin' my time us a."

kin' my time ne ." Stafford's face showed a sudden dis-

stafford's face showed a sudden disciplination.

"Sharks" he refurned, unable to keep the restret from his voice. "Ain't things saited you here?"

The stray-man grinned with straight tips. He could not let the manager know his secret. "Things have suited me mighty well," he declared. "I'm thankin' you for havin' made things pleasant for me while I've been here. But I've done what I contracted to do an' there shalt anything more to keep.

an' there ain't anything more to keep my here. If you'll give me my time I'll be goin'." (To Be Continued.) "THE RANGE RIDERS," by the au-thor of "The Two-tion Man," will begin in Thursday's EVENING WORLD, One of the greatest cowbey stories ever aritten.

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IT'S FOOLISH TO BE SO HELPLESS . ISN'T IT? YOU SEE . I'VE ALWAYS HAD EVERYTHING AND NEVER DID ANYTHING FOR MYSELF. SOMETIMES THINK A GREAT FORTUNE IS A CURSE -











